

The Conaughtman's Visit to Dublin

To which are added,
THE HAPPY BEGGARMAN,



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The Connaughtman's Visit to DUBLIN

YOU people of Dublin who whollies the
rules, (fools;
Of canting poor strangers and humbugging
If ever you cath me vonst more on your
stones, (bones,
I'll give whree leave whor to broke all my
Vidh a good house and garden I lived at
my ease, (not please;
But those worly pleasures my mind could
To frends and to neighbors I did bid adieu,
And set off to Dublin to see the review.
I whodered my brogues and I, pushed to
the road,
And parted sweet Leitrim my place of abode;
My time being short I kept still in a trot,
Till at last I arrived at the wery same spot.
Vidh a trembling aspect into town did
advonce, (chance,
And arrived at a soop-maker's celler by
There vas cows heads, lambs puddings and
what tripes,
Dis dillufious sight gave my belly the gripes.
Vith mazement and vonder I viewed all
over,
Till a woman spy'd at the door,
Who said vill you vak down here sir, there
is evey thing nice,

You may eat a good dinner at a small price.

I turn'd down stairs and I'll pull of my
hat,

And immediately down by the whire I sat;
In less than five mieners she did brought me
a plate, (meat.

Overflown vid black pratie fite cabitch and
She'l tolt me in Leitrim she vas born'd and
bread, (good bed,

And that she would comodate me with a
I thank'd her and then straight to bed I did
fly,

And there lay as snug as a pig in a stie.

My shides they had not long lay down on
the bed;

Fen a regiment of varriors my body over-
spread;

They kept such retreating and fighting all
night,

T'as ten times more greater nor Aughrim's
fight.

Fen whirft I lay down oh! but she vas
hard,

For every fedder vood measure von yard;
Ten thousand black troops my body over-
spread,

And had lik vor to tumble me out of the bed.

But de morning being come I jump'd up
in a whrite,

I dressed me and call'd for my bill upon sight.
My hostage made answer as we vere from
one town,

And as your an acontance I'll charge you
but a crown,

Oh! that's beyond reason and consience
to boot,

Then I and my hostage began to dispute;
She told me my wrangling vid soon have an
end, (send.

So straightway for shistance her dater did
In less than three minuets how I was
conwounded,

To whind myself then by a gard close sur-
rounded;

I took them whor nearls nor peers ov the
land,

They wore drab coats vith fite cabes and
guns in their hands.

Says von my good fellow come make no
delay,

But pay your reckoning and march away;
For if you refuse for to pay her the whole,
By George you must shirtinly march to the
gaol.

Pleash your honour I'm a poor Conought-
man,

Before in my life I was never trepan;
But she svore by her jakers she vood have
her due,

So I paid her and then vent off to the review.

I dived in to town like an eel in the mud,
Kept moving my limbs wholl as fast as I
could;

To drive away sorrow I fished a-pace,

Filt the nails in my brogu's and the flags
join'd in base.

I whinding myself was out of her reach
Whor the plash of reviewing I went in search
I still kept running pursuing my whate,
'Till at lasht I derived at the Whenix Park
gate.

Fen I entered the Park I whirft cast roue I
my eyes, (prize,
And view'd all about me with strange fur-
Such standing of Whilkey and Sheeben was
there, (whair.

I thought on my shoul it was sweet Leitrim
I wholow'd the croud across ditch and hedge
Sometimes being up to my knees in the fledgs
Altho' being whatagu'd I kept still on my
heels.

'Till at last I deriv'd at the at the grand re-
view wheelds.

But fen I came there I vas whilled vide
such vonder,

Their damnable guns did rattle like thunder,
And made such a nois by their rattling of
drums,

I thought that the end of the World was come.

Sich plenty of fiders the most ov them did
vore,

I'm sure they had turkeys and hens to galore
And Reynard had dare at their roosts been
to steal,

Whor great many more on their heads vore
his tail.

They fir'd with sich spirits and marsh'd up
so tight,

I'm sure they're boys that Ireland ve'd white;
I gave dem my blessing whor wearing the
fleece, I (geese.

Obtainin'g whree trade and proticting dere
The General gave orders whor closing the
ranks,

At hearing of sich I jumped in the flanks;
Fair von at my but made a ram of his gun,
And bid me run home for my praries was dun.

Dog you says he if you vear fear I know,
But I would make you pay very well whor
that blow,

At hearing of sich in a passion he flow,
And a long carving knife on my own self he
drew.

I took to my heels full as fast as I coud,
And I never cry'd stop 'till I'll get in a vood,
Where being whatagued on my sides down I
lay.

And fell fast asleep and slept there till next
day.

My heart being represt and my pockets be-
ing low,

I gader'd my fences to know fat I wood do;
My whine pair of brogues that cost me half-
a-crown,

I solt whor tin-pence and so quit the town.

Now I thank my good fortune that I got
home, Throne,

And lives at more ease nor the King on his

To all whoolith whanceis I now bid adieu,
 And filth ever I live I will think of the raveiw.

The HAPPY BEGGARMAN.

OF all the trades a going, begging is my
 delight,

My rent it is paid when I lay down my
 bags every night,

I'll throw away care and take a long staff in
 my hand,

I'll flourish each day courageously looking
 for chance.

Like one in an ague shiv'ring and shaking
 I'll stand, (my hands,

I'll seem to be lame, quite useless of one of

Like a pilgrim I'll pray each day with my
 hat in my hand,

And at night the fair maids I'll please as well
 as I can.

My belts round my shoulders and down
 my bags they do hang,

With a push and a jolt I quickly will have
 them yoked on;

My horn by my side likewise my skiver and
 can, (I gang.

My staff and long pike to fight the dogs as

My breeches is broke and down my linen
 does hang,

The girls for sport, surround me all in a
 throng,

They treat me to beer, good cheer, and a
cup of a dram,

They would follow me, tho' my beard was
seven-foot long.

Down comes the house-keeper, saying here
is an alms-poor man, (to come:

To pray for my welfare now and the world
I'll lay down my bags, and with her I'll take
a sweet rowl,

That's what she'd rather have ten times than
to pray for her soul.

To patters and fairs each day I will mer-
rily gang, (that in my land,

Like a pilgrim I'll pray each day with my
I've plenty of good wives I'm seldom trust-
ing to one, (can.

At at every stage a fair maid to carry my
To taverns all round, I'll sound for col-
lections along,

And for to get more my beard I'll let grow
very long,

That girls would say as they'd cram meal
into my bags,

If this fellow was shav'd he'd make a hard-
some young man.

The Ale-wives do teize and feize me with
sorrow and grief,

When I go to bed, they're stealing to me
like a thief,

If I owe a crown or a pound the good wo-
men do say,

Begone honest man, go away, there's nothing
to pay.

